

BUSINESS *and*
KINGDOM COME
FRANK CRANE



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BUSINESS AND KINGDOM COME

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BY
FRANK CRANE

“Men, be human! It is your first duty.”
—*Rousseau*



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CONTENTS

THIS book is a statement of the Human side of a big business concern, The National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio.

The author gives his impressions of the peculiar Human Values of this business.

This company has always emphasized its Humane Principles. It has boldly advertised its Ethical and Altruistic methods. It claims that these pay.

The author examines this action and discusses the question, whether it is hypocrisy or sound sense and helpful.

The Ethical Value of the company's methods, and of its manufactured product, are considered.

The book is an optimistic treatise on the Morality and Religion of American Commercialism.

The gist of it is that Religion consists in the way and spirit in which a man makes money, more than in what he does after his money is made.

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THE WHITE GAMBIT

THIS book is about a Business Concern.

It notes things about that Concern that are commendable.

It shows you elements in that Concern's output and in its way of doing business that make tremendously for righteousness.

Possibly the book may help the Concern. It might even be used as an advertisement.

But why apologize?

Did Mr. Lloyd or Miss Tarbell apologize for attacking a certain business concern?

Does any newspaper apologize for exposing fraud or wrong-doing on the part of a Rich Man?

And, gentle reader, can you tell me why it is all right to attack a business, and a matter of suspicion to commend a business?

Is the stench raised by the publication of "The Jungle" any more wholesome than the aroma that might be created by exposing the humane methods of a business plant?

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I am a preacher.

I went to see The National Cash Register's works at Dayton, Ohio.

I was vastly impressed by the Altruistic forces that played around that concern, as electric streams play about a charged piece of metal.

I decline to apologize for a word of praise, so long as it is not considered necessary to apologize for words of blame.

I climb the Mount of Blessing as gladly as they that climb the Mount of Cursing.

I do not say that curses do no good. But I claim that those who praise in the right place also may do some good.

THE EXCUSE FOR THIS BOOK

GEORGE W. ALGER, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1904, says:

“It is curious that almost the only ‘temptation’ which receives any particular attention from moralists, either in the pulpit or elsewhere, is that occasioned by one man offering spirituous beverages to another.

“By some odd distortion of moral values the custom of ‘treating’ has been singled out as though it were the greatest or most important of those actions by which we cause our neighbors or employes to offend.

“Whoever heard of a sermon or lecture on the duty of keeping reasonably strict oversight on one’s employes, or on the duty of having a business system which shall reduce the opportunities of dishonesty to a minimum?

“The duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear is as important as any duty in the realm

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of morals, and the matter of temperance is only one branch of it, and by no means the most important.”

This book is the kind of a sermon above referred to.

BROTHERS OF THE SNEER

THE older I get the more I cherish enthusiasm.

Nothing ages a man's soul like the critical spirit.

Fault-finding grows on one, subtle as alcohol, incurable as leprosy.

I know the Brothers of the Sneer. They cannot gush. They cannot shed tears. A hearty laugh would probably burst something inside of them. Their temperature never rises above thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

The worst is, they take pride in this. They think immobility a mark of superiority.

When I was a boy, an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe came to our town. I sat in the gallery, and when Little Eva died I wept copiously. There was a big boy who sat near by; he did not weep; he grinned, and nudged the other boys, and pointed at me. Ever after he taunted me with crying at a show.

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I felt, vaguely, that I had done something shameful; I did not understand why.

Now I understand. That episode in boydom was a picture of the world. The self-appointed aristocracy, the self-elected elect, of society are the Brothers of the Sneer.

They are sheer humbugs. The real people are the enthusiasts. My tears for little Eva were greatly to my credit.

I have learned not to be afraid of the Sneering Brotherhood. I dare to go into ecstasies at the music of Parsifal, or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I am no more ashamed to rave over a pretty girl, to throw away my hat when our baseball nine wins, to praise a book, and to admire a great man or a great deed.

I would rather be an art-enthusiast than an art-critic. It is younger, more human, and the better promotes digestion in the stomach and the deoppilation of the spleen.

Besides, it only takes a thimbleful of brains to find fault.

I presume one could go through the plant of The National Cash Register Company with a microscope and find the usual propor-

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tion of wrong things that characterize all human affairs. But the business is not to my liking.

We must have critics, muckrakers and literary blue-bottle flies, possibly, just as society needs scavengers and grave diggers, but these callings do not call me.

Unafraid and unashamed I record the enthusiasm which this great Dayton manufacturing concern aroused in me.

I dedicate them to the Brothers of the Smile and Tear, to all who find pleasure in discovering something fine and wonderful in men and in the works of men.

To the Brothers of the Sneer I present the book for what measure of cynic food they may find in it.

A SERMON IN STEEL AND GLASS

THIS is a Sermon.

You don't have to be in a Pulpit to preach a Sermon. Shakespeare, you remember, said there are "sermons in stones, and books in running brooks."

And this Sermon is in a Factory.

My Text is a big bunch of manufacturing structures covering in floor space thirty-six acres.

My Text is also the Men and Women working inside those buildings.

My Text is also The Man whose Brains and Heart are behind the whole concern.

So it's a very Modern, up-to-date Sermon.

Morality, Righteousness and all such Ethical Qualities are differently expressed now from the way they were expressed in the days of your great-grandfather. The *Things* are the same: the *Manner of Expressing* the Things is different.

Did it ever occur to you that a Modern Business House, Foundry, Factory, Store or

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Railway beats any Preacher in its Moral Influence?

You can make the Human Race Good or Bad by the Spirit of your Business.

There are some Businesses that are the Devil's Advocates.

They make young men thieves and young girls shameless.

They make anarchists and bums out of honest working-folk.

They make beggars out of self-respecting people. They make straight men sneaks.

There's no doubt of this. I could list some of these Business Concerns for you, if I did not believe you could make the list quite as well yourself.

Now, how would you like to listen to the tale of How One Business Concern made money, and made money by Making Men Better, Honester and Happier?

Wouldn't that be "some sermon," as the boys say?

Then—read this little Book.

It will show you how a Business rose in about twenty-five years from zero to a volume of millions of dollars of trade yearly.

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It will show you how, in doing this, it never knocked down an employe and stepped on him.

It will show you how the Business Made Men and Made Money; helped, boosted, healed, encouraged and saved human beings every step of its way up the hill of success.

THE FACTORY TEXT

SOME day you ought to go to Dayton, Ohio, and inspect The National Cash Register Company's plant.

As you ride out on the street-car to the works you will go along a very pretty street in one of the homiest cities of the United States.

You will notice, if it is summer time, a profusion of flowering plants in the door-yards and by the road side. You will pass over a little bridge, along whose balustrades droop vines and blossoms. Afterwards you will find out that these flowers are the gifts of the Company.

One of the Twentieth Century ideas is the value of Civic Beauty. Make a town attractive to the eye, remove old ramshackle buildings, clean up the debris, and cultivate smooth lawns and decorative flower beds and clumps of greenery, and you will do much to make the young folks of that town civi-

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lized and order-loving, and fill them with a proper civic pride.

The National Cash Register Company has many ideas that belong to The Future. Not the least of them is this appreciation of the Usefulness of Beauty.

When you arrive at the factory you will not see a huge dirty-faced Colossus, surrounded by heaps of dirt, begrimed, depressing, cruel-looking.

Here is no Giant, that eats men and stunts children, and darkens the souls of women, while it sucks the blood of human beings and turns it into gold for the profligate luxuries of its share-owners.

On the contrary, you see first a great stretch of factory buildings, which are nearly all Windows. The workers within are almost in broad daylight. The windows cover nearly the entire wall space. Light, light, light everywhere! God Almighty's good sunshine welcomed and not barred! Another Twentieth Century idea. Some day we will all live in sunshine houses.

Then you will see, in the front and midst

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of the factory structures, an Office Building, the administrative building of the Company.

It is the largest office building in the world that is devoted to only one business.

Inside it is, principally, light, light, light.

Also cleanliness, and space, and smooth precision, and lack of silly, sheep-like bustling.

The employes here have a club on one of the floors, high up, where from the huge windows you may look out on wide green pastures and wooded hills, and not see one squalid hut or pig yard.

In this club are big leather chairs, books, periodicals, checker boards, and everything a man needs in his loafing hour.

Here is a dining-room with places for four hundred people. White-clad waiters slip quietly around. Neatly printed and illuminated menus lie by the plates.

You might be in the University Club of Chicago or the Lambs Club of New York; but you are not; you are in just a plain Factory where work-people are treated as Human Beings.

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And, as you go away, you will note again that all about this building, and all about the factory structures, and everywhere, are the good God's little flowers and green things growing, that nod and smile at you as the breeze tips up their chins and kisses them.

THE BEAST

THE Moneyed Interests have been called, collectively, The Beast.

They have been roundly cursed up hill and down dale, in American magazines.

It has been said, with show of convincing evidence, that they corrupt politics, bribe legislatures, support pothouse bosses, own judges and mayors, degrade their workers, slug their competitors and altogether wade to success through a hell-stew of wickedness, grinding souls between their voracious molars, and growing money-fat on cannibal food.

Perhaps there is truth in this allegation. But it is a relief to turn to at least one institution where power and prosperity are drawn from human betterment and not from human degradation.

In this company is what is called the Welfare Department. It is in charge of a high-salaried expert whose only business is to devise and carry out plans to improve the wel-

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fare of every Human Creature touched by this money-making establishment. What do you think of that?

It is much more interesting to read of crime and injustice and such lurid stuff than to read of justice and mercy. If this article were an attack on some business concern, or upon some millionaire, the muck-raking magazines might want it.

But to my mind it is much more heartening and pleasant to discover once in a while that some of our great American business successes have risen in clean ways, and have made all mankind richer by their riches, and happier by their triumph.

There are some interests that are Human.

BOYS' GARDEN

WHEN Mr. Patterson built his glass houses the inevitable happened.

The small boy threw stones.

The factory was situated in a suburb of Dayton known once as Sliderville. It was tough. It was filled with mean dwellings and the children of the shanties roamed unchecked to play smash for amusement.

Mr. Patterson had been away. During his absence many windows were shattered by brickbats from the infantile sharp-shooters of the army of the poor.

The foreman told the boss about it when he came home. Whereupon the boss did not do the usual thing. He hardly ever does. For the usual thing is usually the stupid thing. He did not hire special police, and employ detectives to nab the offenders. He did not bluster nor threaten.

He sat down and—thought.

All about the offices of the Company now

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you can see cards hung on the wall, each with the word

THINK

printed in red.

The result of the boss' thinking was this: Why do boys throw stones? Answer: It is because they haven't anything else to do. Remedy: Give them something to do.

What does a boy like to do? Just what a man likes to do; to own something, to produce something, to make money, and to be outdoors.

So the boss laid out a tract of land in gardens, and invited the boys in the neighborhood to come and occupy. Each boy was given a little patch of ground and supplied with seed and tools; and over all was a head gardener who knew his business, to tell the boys how to raise things.

Those Boys' Gardens have become an institution. I saw them, as neat a bit of ground as one would want. I should like to dig there myself; for there is no mortal fun like making things grow.

These Gardens are now copied far and wide. Public Schools have Gardens. Why

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not? For a boy can learn quite as much, under due guidance, by digging into old Mother Earth as he can by digging into books.

But wasn't that a human thing to do for the boys of the neighborhood? I think it was better than building them a Sunday School.

THE REAL AND THE FAKE KIND OF PHILANTHROPY

THE true Philanthropy is IN Business,
not AFTER Business.

The real test of whether a man belongs to the Abou Ben Adhem tribe or not, is whether his business is so conducted as to help every soul it touches.

The false test is to run business "on business principles", which often means to run it in utter disregard of the welfare of the people employed, and then, having gotten rich, to devote a fraction of one's income (not enough to cut down the champagne list seriously) to various institutions and societies that coddle beggars and lecture the human wrecks made by said success.

Here is a little story illustrative of real philanthropy.

Mr. Patterson noticed that a certain small part of the cash register machine was not coming through on time. When the various

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parts were assembled this little piece was lacking.

He sent for the foreman of that department and asked the reason.

The foreman said that the reason was that five of his most expert girls had quit.

“Why?”

“I don’t know. They just left.”

“Didn’t you ask why?”

“Yes. They wouldn’t tell.”

Whereupon the boss did some more Thinking. There must be some cause for five girls choosing to leave steady work and good wages. He would hunt for the cause.

He found it. He put on old clothes and going into town an hour before the works opened in the morning, he walked out with the employes.

He discovered that men and women had to walk or ride together on crowded cars, that they had to walk from the end of the car line to the factory in the dark, for it was winter and daylight broke late; and also that the lights were not lit in the factory grounds, and the elevators were not running.

In the crowd was the usual horse-play of

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the male human species; the girls were jostled, and there was some language used that was hardly pleasant. Also self-respecting girls did not like to climb those unlit stairways with a crowd of men.

The boss inquired of the people in charge why the lights were not on and the elevators running. He got an answer that would have satisfied most bosses; to the effect that it was needless expense to light up before the hour the factory opened, and to begin running elevators before work began.

It did not satisfy Mr. Patterson, however. "Turn on those lights before work starts," he ordered, "and have those elevators running".

He did more. For the sake of those girls he laid down the rule that all women employes should report for work *fifteen minutes later* than the men, and go home *fifteen minutes earlier*.

He went further, for when you start doing good it is hard to stop. He had the stools taken away and chairs with backs and foot rests substituted where girls worked.

More: he fixed up a rest-room and hos-

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pital-room for the women, and put a trained nurse in charge. When a girl is taken ill she does not have to go home.

Now Mr. Patterson made money by this. And this is precisely the point.

A Real Philanthropist makes money by investing in human values, by increasing the red blood and clean spirit in his working people.

A Fake Philanthropist drains the blood and pollutes the spirit of his work-people—and buys a pipe organ for the Church.

THE MAN TEXT

THE Man behind, or inside, the Business—for every real force in the world, when you get to the core of it, is a man—is John H. Patterson, founder, creator and president of The National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio.

He is one of that group of king-men who in America have climbed from poverty to millions, from insignificance to power, from obscurity to fame, during the last century.

There are a lot of these men. The woods are full of them.

Maybe you know some. And they are not Pleasant to know, perhaps.

You admit they are Self Made Men, for you'd hate to accuse God of making them.

Some of these men have climbed the ladder of Success, and every rung they stepped on was a Human Heart.

Every dollar they have made means a wronged workman.

Every diamond on their mistress' neck

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stands for the smirched life of a working girl.

Every wad of money they give to a Church or Library or College stands for a bit of Human Damnation.

Well, for a change, look at the man who is my Text.

I speak simply of his Business Career.

Every notch he arose he lifted a hundred Others with him.

Every dollar he made made ten dollars for Others.

Every window in his House means Light, Cheer and Sunshine in Scores of Other Houses.

He has Mounted by Helping.

He has Succeeded by Co-operation.

And what He did Anybody Else can do. That is to say, Any Honest Business can Help Everybody as it Thrives.

I am not discussing Mr. Patterson's personal character. In fact, I have no taste for grubbing into any man's private life, good or bad.

I speak of him only as I see him through his Works.

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I do not know the man.

I never saw him.

I judge him as I conceive Society and the Future will estimate him; possibly as a Greater than these shall weigh him; for it is written, "By their Works ye shall know them."

I do not know whether Mr. Patterson is a Christian or a Heathen, Catholic, Protestant or Agnostic.

I know what his Works are. They are members of the Twentieth Century Church.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

MR. PATTERSON'S Business is founded on the Lord's Prayer.

By that I don't mean that it is a Psalm-singing, Exhorting and Tract-distributing enterprise.

I mean that it is based on one of the Most Important, and the Least Understood, of the passages in the Greatest Prayer ever uttered—The Lord's Prayer.

That passage is: "And Lead us Not into Temptation."

There has been a deal of foolish speculation about what this means.

Some people have asked: "Why should our Maker want to lead us into temptation and what sense is there in asking Him not to do so?"

They do not catch the meaning.

The gist of the matter is this. To pray to be led not into temptation means that a man desires Not to be Tempted.

It is an expression of his Wish and Pur-

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pose to Keep Away from things that may Injure his Character.

Any fool knows his strength; a wise man knows his Weakness.

A sensible person avoids the holes where he May fall.

He takes no chances, because chances to stumble will be found aplenty in any event.

Now, whoever makes it Easy to do Right and be Honest, and Hard to do Wrong and be Crooked, helps answer the Lord's Prayer.

This is what Mr. Patterson has been doing. He has Removed the Stumbling Stones from thousands of highways where young men have been falling.

He has been a Road Maker for Honesty.

He has not gone to prisons and lectured ten criminals; but he has prevented ten thousand young girls and boys from Becoming criminals.

In so doing he has got Rich.

Does that mean he is a hypocrite, and that he is making money out of a pretense of goodness?

Not a bit! It means that Helpfulness does sometimes Pay in this twisted world.

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It means that Helping Others is not a bad way to Help yourself.

Society hands a Million Dollars often to one who has never Earned a cent, often also to one who has hindered and hurt his fellow men; let us thank God that Society once in a while hands a Million Dollars or so to a man who Helps his Fellows!

“NOT”

SOMEWHERE I have read that certain scholars had a theory that the Lord's Prayer once read: “And lead us into temptation, but deliver us from evil;” and that the “not” was added later.

I don't believe it.

Still, all things are possible. There was once published a “Wicked Bible,” in which, by mistake or intent, the “not” was omitted from the Seventh Commandment.

It would be as vicious to leave the “not” out of the Lord's Prayer as to leave the “not” out of the Seventh Commandment.

THE MACHINE

MR. PATTERSON makes and sells cash registers.

A cash register is a machine by which a merchant keeps track of his sales, gives a receipt for everything sold, and rings a bell when there is anything doing at the money drawer.

You find them now all over the world.

They are nothing but metal, they have no soul nor voice, yet they have kept more young men from starting on the down path of pilfering, and kept more people of all ages out of the calaboose, than any other contrivance in Christendom.

Where you find a cash register you find an automatic preacher, not in a church but on the counter. It preaches: "Keep straight! Be honest! Don't steal!"

Where you find a cash register you find a peace-maker. It smooths out the tangles between seller and buyer. It obviates misunderstandings. It removes bones of contention.

THE BELL BROTHERS

THE little bell on the cash register is the voice of light.

What wickedness cannot stand is light.

The sneak-thief, the grafter, the wrongdoer of all kinds, want a nice, dark, quiet place.

When a man opens a cash-drawer to steal, he wants the drawer to open easy.

When this little bell rings, it cries: "Look here! Money is moving!"

Every eye glances toward the place where a bell rings.

That is why street-car conductors are made to ring up fares.

It would be a good thing if every spend-thrift had a bell to his pocket, so that whenever a quarter slips out it would make a noise.

The little bell on the cash drawer is doing as much in its way to keep people honest as the big bell on the church is doing in its way. The big church bell and the little cash bell are brothers.

DEVIL'S BUSINESS

THE devil's other name is the tempter.

Whoever deliberately puts temptation in the way of others is a devil.

Whoever does this by negligence or carelessness is the devil's assistant.

"It needs be that offenses must come," says the Good Book, "but woe to him by whom the offense cometh."

Anybody is liable to fall, but that is no excuse for strewing banana peelings on the sidewalk.

As a city may be sued at law for permitting a dangerous pavement or an unsafe road to exist, so any merchant is liable to the moral law for allowing conditions to exist in his business by which weak-willed clerks may stumble into crime.

A negro snatched a purse from a woman on a street car, jumped off, and ran. He was caught and taken into court.

The woman appeared as a witness against him.

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She identified the thief. She was very indignant.

The judge asked her: "Did this man snatch your purse?"

"Yes."

"How were you carrying the purse?"

"In my hand."

"In plain sight?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the judge, "I will give the fellow thirty days in the workhouse. But I wish to say, madam, that if the law allowed, I should like to send you to prison for a few days. For you had no right to carry your purse exposed, and thus put temptation in the way of a morally weak, and possibly a hungry, person. There are two sides to this case. And the person who dangles an opportunity to steal before the eyes of another person who may be prone to steal, ought not to escape punishment."

IMMORAL TRUST

A SINCERELY honest person always shies at an unnecessary trust.

If I were a lady's maid I would not stay a day in a house where the mistress did not lock up her jewels.

If she left her valuables lying about, whether she cared or not, I should care.

For if by any chance, by her own negligence or forgetfulness, or by the rascality of some other servant than myself, a diamond ring should disappear, I should not want to be in a position where it was possible for me to take it.

I knew a man once who was elected treasurer of a church. He was a banker, a man of age, probity, and large affairs; but he accepted the position on one condition only, to wit: that every penny taken up in the collections, or otherwise received, should be counted and certified to by two other men, and that no money should be paid out by the treasurer without a receipt given.

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The other Church officials pooh-poohed and laughed, for he was the Big Man in that Church, and had given it thousands of dollars, and it looked silly to be checking pennies on him. They said they guessed his word was as good as his bond.

“Gentlemen,” he replied, “my word is as good as my bond because I never give my word when I can give my bond.”

THE HONEST MAN WISHES TO BE
WATCHED, AND THE THIEF
WANTS TO BE
WATCHED

THERE is a difference between wanting a thing and wishing a thing.

What you want, you need, you ought to have; what you wish, you desire, and as often as not you ought not to have it.

Now, the Honest Man wishes to be watched.

The Dishonest Man wants to be watched.

Here's the difference: You wish pie and cake and fun, and possibly beer. But you want discipline, hardship, experience and what you deserve; but you do not always wish these things.

So the Honest Man likes to be watched, craves it, and insists upon it. The Thief needs to be watched.

The man who is straight not only has no

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desire to be crooked, but also he does not desire the chance to be crooked.

No square man hunts temptation.

The man who is, at heart, not square likes to play with temptation.

A FALLACY

SOMETIMES we hear a man say, "I do not want people about me who need watching. I do not want my clerks to assume that I think it is possible for them to steal. I trust my help. I want character, not machinery."

Temptations make character. Hardships develop strength. Opposition and discouragement bring out the manhood in us. But the point is this—and it is rather a hard one to see, but most vital—that any honest soul will find temptations enough in the order of Nature and in his natural mingling with his fellows. And whoever goes to work to manufacture temptation is a fool. Worse, he's the kind of a fool that politeness prevents us from writing for publication. We recognize this and practice it in every-day life.

Pain is good for a child. By it he learns to keep from burning and freezing, and from breaking his bones. But we do not for this reason flog our boy regularly every morning,

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nor leave the baby out in the snow, nor run needles into the little girl's hand.

Much valuable wisdom, doubtless, comes from sickness; but nobody proceeds therefore to inoculate himself with typhoid germs.

Opposition strengthens the thews. But do we therefore oppose, browbeat and discourage our children?

The whole purpose of organized society is to remove all the unnecessary hindrances from the path of the young, and leave for them only those stumbling-blocks which destiny puts before us all.

We take our children to Sunday School and not to haunts of vice. We protect them in homes; we do not shove them out into evil places—to toughen them. The toughening process will come soon enough.

I have always been impressed with the moral side of the cash register. It is not merely a device for the tradesman to keep from being robbed; it is fully as much a means for preserving the self-respect and comfort of the honest clerk.

THE WEAK SPOT

AS a business proposition I know nothing about this machine. I never did know anything about money, except how to get rid of it. But as a humane contrivance, tending to make honest men happier, employer and employe more friendly, smoothing out disputes, avoiding rocks of misunderstanding, and so in general adding to the sum of human happiness on this dull globe, I have always considered it as a triumph of altruism.

I do not think it catches many thieves. My notion is that a real thief can beat any piece of machinery—if you give him time enough. But the huge advantage of it is that it stiffens up the moral backbone of the fellow who is honest—and most people are honest.

Nine men out of every ten would rather give you back the ten cents too much they got in change than to make off with it and feel like a sneak. That is, usually, and as a

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rule. You don't want to put any one of those nine men every day in a place where he can cheat as well as not. Some day you will strike a *weak spot*. The man will take what does not belong to him—just once. And of course you know what “Just Once” means. It is the motto that hangs, printed in red, up over the desk in the devil's private office:

JUST THIS ONCE

THE ROAD MAKERS

THERE are two roads. One leads up to honesty, respect and esteem. The other leads down to shame and ruin.

There are two classes of people. One smooths the road up and puts stumbling-blocks in the road down; the other makes easy the down road and makes hard the up road.

One class mixes sugar and lemon juice in whiskey and feeds it to boys, to develop the appetite. They circulate obscenely suggestive literature. They do all they can to push wavering souls over to the bad. They make the up road hard and the down road easy.

They are Dealers in Temptation.

The other class is composed of Dealers in Prevention.

They shelter little boys and girls in homes. They brace up weak men. They seek to place weak women where there are fewest pitfalls. They "cast up the highway and gather up the stones" on the road to Character.

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Which of these is your class?

And not only men but metal has its moral quality.

A lottery ticket has no *soul*, but it is immoral just the same, and the government properly suppresses it.

A *roulette* wheel probably belongs to the same category.

The Cash Register may justly be termed a Road Machine for *Righteousness*.

It cannot make men honest, but it makes the way and clears the road for them to be honest.

THE CRIME OF CARELESSNESS

THOMAS HOOD, in one of his poems,
makes a man say:

“The wounds I might have healed,

The human sorrow and smart!

And yet it was never within my soul

To play so ill a part.

But evil is wrought by want of thought

As well as by want of heart.”

There has been, goodness knows, enough
vicious wrong done in the world. There have
been crimes of lust and anger and malice and
envy and greed and pure hate.

But I suspect that there has been quite as
much suffering caused by carelessness.

Goodness is sometimes called Wisdom in
the Bible. And ignorance and folly are never
far from immorality.

System is not only profitable; it is more:
it is moral. And lack of System is immoral.

The great Business Concerns of America,
the like of which never existed before in
history, are triumphs of System.

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The same genius for organization is applied to them that, in former centuries, was applied to war and statecraft.

Marshall Field was in his way as great a man as Bismarck or Moltke. Philip D. Armour was a modern Richelieu. John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan and John Wanamaker might well be compared to the Duke of Marlborough, Napoleon and U. S. Grant. All were organizers of men. All hated confusion. All eliminated waste. All succeeded by system, combination, and by pitting Order against Disorder.

We may say what we please about the selfishness of these great men, their ambition and heartlessness; but this we cannot deny, that the Order they established was infinitely better than the Disorder they did away with.

There was more robbery, pillage and petty tyranny in any one county of France before Richelieu than in all France after Richelieu.

Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, seemed cruel; but he left a united Germany, full of thrift and law and prosperity, where before had been pettiness, contention and stagnation.

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Even so there is less pilfering and personal dishonesty today in all of Armour's plant or in all of Marshall Field's store than there was in any ordinary country town fifty years ago, where a volume of not a hundredth part of the business of these mighty concerns was transacted.

People may be no honester now than they used to be. But System is honester than confusion. It is ten times harder for a clerk in Field's to steal than it was for a clerk in a Boston tea-house in the forties.

The world is growing better, for one reason, because the world is growing more organized.

Order, they say, is Heaven's first law.

Disorder is the Devil's opportunity.

I see all these truths staring me in the face when I look at a cash register.

It is the most characteristic invention of the age.

When a store-keeper installs a Cash Register, in the place of the old Open Money Drawer, it means he has stepped out of the Middle Ages into the Twentieth Century.

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He has ceased to be a peddler and has become a merchant.

He has stepped up, morally and economically, four hundred years.

For nine-tenths of any failure is lack of system.

And nine-tenths of crime is confusion.

ANTISEPTIC BUSINESS

THE immense advance that the modern science of surgery has made over surgery as practiced a hundred years ago may be explained and compressed into one word—Cleanliness.

One famous surgeon, when asked the secret of his success, replied: “My finger-nails.”

At last the human race has waked up to the poisonous quality of dirt.

The chief reason why a hospital is a better place for a sick man than his own home is that it is cleaner.

By water and disinfectant and deodorizer and germicide the hospital people wage an incessant war on dirt.

The reason why Frenchmen in Panama died like flies, and why Americans are living there as healthy as in New York, is that the Americans have flushed out, swept up and burned clear.

Henry Ward Beecher said that yellow fever was God Almighty’s opinion of dirt.

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There is just one weapon by which this age has beaten cholera, the black death and other plagues that used to devastate civilization formerly, and that weapon is—Cleanliness.

Now, what is Dirt?

Answer: It is matter in the Wrong Place. That's all.

Jam on a boy's face is Dirt. But it is not Dirt in the jam-pot nor on a piece of bread. Dust on the carpet is Dirt; but on the road it is clean enough.

When I look at a Cash Register it strikes me as a Brother to Health.

There is no Business Health possible without keeping money accounts accurately.

Slip-shod handling of money means business disease.

The diseases of business are theft, contention, misunderstanding, neglect, and these all mean loss, which is the deadly disease.

Constant losses in business are like constant hemorrhages in the body.

For a business to be healthy it must keep clean. And the first step in business cleanliness is to keep track of every cent.

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No amount of pink pills or patent dope can cure a sick man who is dirty. And no amount of advertising enterprise nor activity can save a sick trade as long as money, the blood of business, is not carefully watched.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

NATURALLY, a visit to any large establishment, where hundreds of workmen are employed, sets thoughts going in one's mind in regard to Capital and Labor, and their eternal quarrel.

I have done much observing and more reflection upon this subject, along with all wide-awake people of this day.

I do not presume to know the Ultimate Solution. It may be Socialism. It may be Nationalism. It may be democracy further applied.

But this one thing is certain: Right now, in this tempestuous meanwhile, when we are all feeling about in the dark, the one class who can do more than any other class to establish peace and justice in the business world is the class of Employers.

The reason is, they have the Brains and the Power. If they didn't have the Power they would not control labor, and if they

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didn't have the Brains they could not keep that control.

They will have, therefore, to take the bulk of the responsibility at present.

And the secret of most labor trouble is simply that labor is treated as a dead, salable commodity, under the heartless law of demand and supply, and is not considered as a Human commodity.

In proportion as Humanity is injected into a business it runs smoothly. In proportion as business is managed upon a non-human basis there is trouble.

Even negro slavery, before the war, was not so bad in many places in the South, because there were many humane masters. The vines and flowers of Human Feeling will grow and cover the hard walls of almost any system, if we will allow them.

So, without posing as a savant in political economy, one can at least say that the greater part of the bitterness and loss in the labor war would be done away with if employers would uniformly treat employes as Human Beings.

The interest of Master and Workman are

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not, and never will be, the same. The more of the profits one gets, the less the other gets. That is plain.

But, to quote Ruskin, "it does not follow that the Persons must be antagonistic because their Interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there must be "antagonism" between them, that they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being the strongest, will get it, and eat it. Neither, in any case, whatever the relations of the persons may be, can it be assumed for certain that because their interests are diverse, they must necessarily regard each other with hostility, and are violent or cunning to obtain the advantage."

There you have it.

The one thing that strikes you as you walk about in the big Dayton factory is what might be called the Spirit of Co-operation.

The men and women go about their work

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with the same air you notice in a baseball team.

Everybody seems to be playing into the hands of everybody else.

It is beautiful team-play.

What is the secret of it?

It seems to me that the secret of it is simply this: that, although the Company is a Big Machine, the people in the Company are made to feel that they are Human Beings.

And if this is not the whole secret of the solution of the contention between capital and labor, I am convinced that it is very near it, just at this present stage of our social evolution.

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

BY the House of the Future I mean the Environment in which our children's children are going to live.

We preachers are supposed to be Saving the World.

We are doing this by endeavoring to convert bad individuals and to strengthen and conserve the good individuals.

This is doubtless necessary work. But humanity is not going to reach its Millennium, when—

“Men to men shall brothers be,
The world o'er, an a' that,”
until righteous Conditions are established.

To have healthy Souls you must have a healthful House for them to live in.

So to secure an Utopian world we must have just Government, just Business and just Society, as well as just People.

We are realizing that to relieve poverty does little good, except we do our best to prevent systems and institutions that cause pov-

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erty; we must not only punish criminals—far more important is it to destroy conditions that manufacture criminals.

So the Preacher and Teacher may be improving the Man of the Future, but it is the Business man who is building the House of the Future.

The Cash Register makes no man honest, but it helps make an honest Home for him to live in.

It is not Honesty, but it is the Walls, Fences and Hedges of Honesty.

And “whoso breaketh a hedge,” said the Wisest man, “a serpent shall bite him.”

Though but a piece of lifeless metal, the Cash Register is a part of that House of the Future which civilization is slowly building up—that House whose walls shall keep out the enemies of life, whose windows shall let in the light of truth, whose sanitary furniture shall reduce temptation and danger to the minimum, for all souls.

ABSENTEEISM

PERHAPS one thing that has done as much to embitter the relations between employer and employed as any other is the Distance between them.

I mean any kind of Distance—physical, mental or moral.

The curse of Ireland, as is well known, has been absentee landlords.

The trouble with many railways, manufactories and other business concerns is that the man or men who Own and Control live in a different world from the people who Work.

The brakeman or section hand would never dream of getting access to the president or general manager.

There is usually no connection, no proximity and no sympathy between the clerk at the white-goods counter and the merchant prince in his private office.

The Pole or Bohemian who shovels coal into the furnace is socially, mentally and commercially a million miles away from the

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chairman of the board of directors of a mighty steel plant.

Now, the secret of peaceful human relations is simply—acquaintance.

“Don’t introduce me to that man,” said Sydney Smith once. “I feel it my political duty to hate him; and you can’t hate a man when you know him.”

There’s the rub, exactly.

Human beings naturally love one another when they know one another.

Frenchmen and Englishmen despise each other because they live in separate worlds.

Out of the windows of the office building of The National Cash Register Company I saw, set up on the hill, among trees, the House of the President.

All through the office and shops of the Company I heard Mr. Patterson spoken of as a familiar figure.

He was not living in Paris or on the Riviera, and entrusting the management of his business to an agent.

He was not a dim, distant, bloodless vortex into which the profits pour.

He was a fellow-workman.

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Human beings are human beings. They want attention, fellowship, sympathy.

What the whole race of men want, in one form or another, is no less than “the greatest thing in the world”—Love.

The curse of Riches, the curse of Success, is that these things *separate* a man from his fellows.

What humanity resents as its deepest insult is exclusiveness.

Take this Company; give it an Owner who goes to New York or to Europe to live; let him leave behind an agent, write simple instructions to “get dividends—that’s all”; and you would have here in a short time as sullen, rebellious and inefficient lot of workers as you may now find in many a factory in New England and in many a railway system in the West.

The blight of modern business is just here.

A railroad hand on a Kansas line is killed, because the cars are deficient in safety appliances.

Nobody can find out who is to blame. We go to the division superintendent, and he refers us to the general manager, who sends

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us on to the president, who tells us to go to the board of trustees, who shunts us off to the stockholders. By that time we are lost, discouraged, probably gray-headed.

Now, *profits, dividends*, can go fast enough from Worker to Owner; but *responsibility* is sidetracked every rod or two.

Who is to blame for that row of rotten tenements, that burn and destroy forty lives of the miserable beings that inhabited them, as vermin?

You cannot find out. By and by, if you are persistent, you may trace the owner to Paris or Nice. He, or mayhap she, knows nothing about it. Bless your life, all such things are left to the Agent.

You go to the Agent. He tells you that he was powerless to remedy the dangerous conditions. He had no money. His orders were simply to get rent, and lots of it. If he failed, another agent would be put in his place.

Sinning by Wireless!

Long-Distance Murder!

Dividends by Telegraph, and Responsibility by Ox Cart.

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There you have one reason for the dull grumble and angry unrest of workers.

I like that House on the Hill, among the green trees, overlooking all these Works.

There is going to be a big problem before The National Cash Register Company if ever the wooden blinds are nailed permanently on that House, and the Owner is to be found at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, or the Excelsior in Rome.

Just now Capital and Labor lie close in Dayton. They work side by side, and show encouragement to one another, as the sparks fly.

The men with high salaries in the mahogany offices are reaching down to make life pleasanter for the young men and girls that polish brass or pound iron. So the workman waves his hand to the boss at the window.

Success, at Dayton, has not Separated. Not yet.

GAMBLING

THE difference between a fair trade and gambling is just this: in a fair trade both parties gain; in a gambling transaction one party loses.

That is all there is to it.

Whoever is engaged in any business where his profit means necessarily a loss to another, is simply a gambler, or worse.

Now, I ask myself, what would be the result if this company sold the largest possible number of machines?

The company would certainly gain.

And just as certainly every purchaser who had bought a machine suitable to his business would also gain.

That, and that only, is the test which the modern world will allow as to whether business is moral or immoral.

In the dark ages barons went out with their army of retainers, killed, butchered, robbed and ravaged, and the baron built a Church or endowed a religious institution.

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Even in this day there are not wanting men who seek to cover business brigandage with eleemosynary endowments.

But the real criterion of a man's life is not how the world will be affected by his bequests, but how the world is and will be affected by the way he runs his business.

Whoever makes profits that mean losses to the other parties in his transactions is a gambler—sometimes a plain thief.

PROFITS FROM HUMANITY

IN the strenuous days of the Rebellion some one told Lincoln that General Grant drank whiskey.

“I wish I knew the brand of liquor that Grant drinks,” replied Old Abe; “I’d like to send a barrel of it to my other generals.”

The National Cash Register Company makes money by treating work-people as human beings.

There are some other companies that make money by treating work-people like cattle.

Will some one please rise and explain why it is considered shrewd to make money out of sweat-shops, child labor, and unhealthy mines—in other words, out of robbing the stores of health from human bodies; and why it is looked upon as suspicious to make money out of preserving the health of human bodies?

When we say a certain man is kind and helpful toward his employes, the answer is likely to come: “Oh, yes! there’s a reason!

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He is not losing anything by it! He is getting his cent per cent for all his humane sentiment!"

Why, of course he is! That is exactly the highest moral element in it, that it pays to be white.

Let me recapitulate some of the items wherein The Cash Register Company is Investing in Humanity.

One day, in passing through the Plant, Mr. Patterson noticed a young woman warming coffee on a radiator. He also saw groups of women eating cold lunches off of the work benches without any convenience whatever. Convinced that employes improperly fed could not obtain the best results in their work, it was not long until he had a room cleared, cleaned and fitted up in an inexpensive way as a kitchen for preparing soups, coffee, etc. This was about the year 1895. The good results soon became apparent, and other features were quickly added.

In the early days of the business, men and women employes came to work at the same hours. Under present-day arrangements the women arrive later and leave ear-

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lier than the men, and thus avoid the crowded street cars.

A recess is granted to women employes at 10:00 and 3:00 daily. After this intermission they return to their work refreshed, capable of turning out more and better work.

The women employes are furnished with clean sleevelets and aprons twice a week. These are provided, laundered and kept in repair by the Company.

Adjoining the women's department are rest rooms to which they can retire when feeling indisposed, and have the services of a trained nurse who is on duty regularly. Also, the Company's physician is within easy call.

There is an emergency hospital where all cases of serious illness or accident receive immediate attention.

Each applicant is required to pass a physical examination by the Company's physician before he or she may enter the employ of the Company.

Exercising classes are conducted for heads of Departments and Office men who care to attend.

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Shower baths to the number of 264 are provided in the Factory. Twenty minutes once a week is allowed each employe for bathing purposes, soap and towels being furnished by the Company. He may bathe oftener on his own time.

Wherever necessary throughout the Factory, women employes are provided with high-backed chairs and foot-rests. This provision results in comfort, health, and greater efficiency as compared with the old-style uncomfortable stools.

A Factory Library of over 3,100 volumes is in circulation among the employes. One cent per volume a week is charged for the books, which places the library on a self-supporting basis. In addition to the books, magazines and current weeklies are to be had on the same basis.

There are Improvement Associations and Neighborhood Clubs maintained, as well as Educational Classes, meeting in one of the Company's buildings, for which no rental is charged.

The employes have a strong Relief Asso-

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ciation, paying sick, accident and death benefits.

In May, 1911, The N. C. R. Country Club was organized. Heads of departments, Foremen and assistants are eligible to membership. The club grounds have been fully equipped with the necessary buildings, race tracks, and equipments for a great variety of games and sports.

There are bicycle sheds for the employes who ride wheels, and compressed air to inflate the tires, without charge.

A large, well-equipped kitchen and Dining Room are maintained for the Officials and Heads and Assistant Heads of departments. About 300 of them lunch here daily, where they are often addressed and entertained by prominent visitors to the Plant.

Distilled drinking water and sanitary cups are provided in the Office Departments, and sanitary fountains in the Factory Departments.

Safety devices are employed for the protection of employes working about machinery. An exhaust system for removing brass

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or emery dust from the Polishing Room is installed in that department and other Grinding Rooms.

A distinctive feature, and one of the most important, is the modern construction of the Factory buildings, special attention having been given to light, heat, ventilation and sanitation. Over 350,000 square feet, or about four-fifths, of the wall space of these buildings is entirely constructed of glass, thereby providing the best light and ventilation possible. A large force of men is employed constantly to keep the buildings clean.

The grounds about the buildings have been made very beautiful by the planting of grass, flowers, vines, shrubbery, and trees, all this work being done under the supervision of noted landscape gardeners, special effort having been made toward getting the most pleasing effect by careful selection and proper arrangement and grouping.

A Slide Room is maintained, containing over 30,000 stereopticon slides on education, health, progress, science, travel, factory views, landscape gardening and civic im-

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provement and many other subjects. These slides are frequently used in giving talks to employes to increase their efficiency.

Boys' Gardens are provided near the factory for the benefit of the boys of the neighborhood. The Company provides the ground, seeds, tools and a gardener. The boys tend the gardens under the Gardener's supervision. The boys have the products they raise for their family use or to sell. Prizes to the amount of \$100, thirty in number, are awarded to the boys for the best result, such as the best kept garden and the largest output. Also, the account books which the boys are required to keep enter into consideration in awarding the prizes. A banquet is given to the boys at the close of the season when the prize distribution takes place. Not only the prize winners but all boys who have had gardens are present. When a boy has completed a two years' course in the gardens he receives a diploma. This is a recommendation to the Factory for employment if the holder desires to enter the Company's employ later. Thirty-three young men are serv-

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ing apprenticeship in the Factory at the present time who started from the Boys' Gardens. A great many others have completed their apprenticeship and gone out into the world as journeymen workmen.

A Boys' Box Furniture Shop has been established, where furniture is made out of old boxes. Graduates of the Boys' Garden Co. are eligible to work in this shop. Porch and window boxes and various kinds of bird boxes are made by these boys. Their product is sold to neighborhood residents at cost.

A FRIEND OF MAN

ONE cannot go away from this Factory without his heart warmed.

I stayed a day in this modern Aladdin's Palace, this huge Work Palace of steel and glass, garnished with flowers, and surrounded by wide meadows and wooded hills, all for the people to play in, and when I left I seemed to feel I had received some revelation of what religion means when translated into terms of America.

I heard no prayers nor anthems here, saw no fretted nave nor stained glass windows; but for all that it was as if I had been within a Temple.

It is the Temple of Work.

Its Organ music was the hum of whirring machinery.

Its Choir was the glad laughter of happy workers.

Not white-robed priests and acolytes, but lines of healthy working girls and men streamed in each morning in a long proces-

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sional, and retired each evening in thankful recession, to the music, not of cathedral chimes, but of choiring steam-whistles.

In every department were preachers, preaching by voice and on blackboards and by tracts the gospel of Industry, Energy, Economy, Health and Optimism.

In a dozen rooms I saw what looked like old-fashioned Methodist class meetings, where earnest men were grouped about tables, relating their business "experiences," taking counsel, giving advice, encouragement and warning.

There were no beggars at the door; for within the doors the whole congregation was at work in the great business of preventing beggary.

And I thought, what a deal of religious energy has been spent in the world in crying "Don't!" and how little in showing men how to "Do!"

How we have cried out against amusements; and how much better it is to do, as is done here, something to make the daily necessary toil amusing.

What better way to stop Idleness, Shift-

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lessness, Drunkenness and Laziness than to make Industry, Sobriety and Application attractive?

And is not the world to be saved, after all, largely by the quality of its work?

And what solidier happiness and success than that to be formed in a community of workers?

I was ashamed. We preachers spend so much energy in trying to help men in their hours of leisure. But here is a huge concern that is helping men in their hours of work.

Surely, he who has created this business out of nothing is a true Poet; for the Poet (Greek, *poietaes*) means the worker. He has made brick and iron and steam rhyme with human heart-beats. He has attuned American push and thrift to the eternal harmonies of universal brotherhood.

All about the cathedrals of St. Mark at Venice and St. Peter at Rome, all about the Mosques of Constantinople and the Buddhist temples of the Orient, you see the maimed and deformed beggars, waiting for alms. About this Factory you see no beggars.

It used to be said that it is the will of

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God that we feed and clothe the poor. We are learning to think nowadays that it is the will of God that there shall be no more poor.

I honor the holy men of old. But I honor no less the clear-eyed, practical, human-hearted business man of today.

The man who stands behind this vast machine of The National Cash Register Company may not be placed in the Calendar as the Friend of God. But he should have on his monument the inscription:

A FRIEND OF MAN

How much nobler such a title than that of King or Duke or President or Worshipful Master!

Just to be a Friend of Man! To make it a little easier to do right than to do wrong! To smooth the steep road to success and character, competence and manliness! To scotch a snake or two in the grass by the path where weak feet travel! To mend a pitfall, to level out a "thank-ye-mam," on this mountain way of life! Surely, it's worth doing.

And, the while, to make work a little more

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like play! To provide opportunity for profitable toil to thousands of one's fellow creatures! To make possible happy homes, contented wives and strong-limbed babies! To be an apostle of the great gospel of Honesty, Industry, Sunshine and Beauty!

Underneath the line, "A Friend of Man," upon his tombstone, there should be added another line, from the Prayer of Prayers:

"And Lead Us Not Into Temptation."

BEAUTY ALL AROUND

I CANNOT get away from this impression of beauty.

It is so worth while, so new, so millennial, for a millionaire to make his business bloom. Usually his factory is in a sooty, barren, ashy valley, like some acre in Dante's hell. There his operatives live in squalid animalism. Thither the owner drives down daily in his auto, gets his bucket of money, and returns with it to his mansion.

His residence and family are in a social heaven, which is supported from the profits of a social hell.

This is not rhetoric. I have seen many and many such places with "my own eyes and not another's."

The old caste ideas of Europe are accepted. It is taken for granted that mill-hands belong to the "lower orders." They are little better than beasts. Beauty, art and all the things that appeal to the millionaire's daugh-

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ter in the mansion would be lost on the Pole, Czech and Dago girls in the grime.

But here is a money-king that does not believe in the king humbuggery.

He believes in men. He is an American. He practices Democracy. And Democracy is nothing but Christianity—disinfected.

Hence the Factory where the plain folks work is kept as well as the yard where the millionaire's guests walk.

The expensive and expert Gardener who tends the grounds about the Patterson home also looks after the lawns, geraniums and canna plants about the work-shop door, where Biddy Maloney or Ivanka Slovenski walk to work and back.

Beauty is no respecter of persons. In the kingdom of flowers and green leaves all men are brothers.

The owner of this work-shop has gone still farther. He has bought up miles and miles of the surrounding country.

All about Dayton are beautiful hills and dales.

They are covered with primeval oak, hickory and maple.

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I rode around through them one October day and became drunk with the rich autumn color; red and russet, yellow and brown, everywhere about and above, and, beneath, on the road, a carpet of crisp, new-fallen leaves, sweeter to the eye and to the auto tire than a rug of Bokhara.

All through these miles of woodland the factory-man has laid out winding roads, well graveled, oiled, inviting.

And everywhere The People are welcome.

In England the first thing a baron or a brewer does when he gets hold of a piece of the Almighty's earth is to put a high brick wall about it.

The king-virus is in our blood. We can not really enjoy a thing unless it is exclusive.

My trees and fountains fail to please me unless I can keep the ragamuffins from looking at them!

But in this American baronial holding there is never a fence or wall.

Instead, all through the woods he has built log camps, Adirondack cabins, outdoor brick fire-places, where boys can come and play Indian and roast chestnuts and whoop and

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yell, and cuddle about the burning logs and tell stories.

There are many homes throughout these woods. People can buy land there and go out and live during the summer where the children can go barefoot.

When you gaze out of the upper windows of the Factory you can see all this fair estate, and you can know, if you are pounding brass rivets all day, that, on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday, you and the missis and the children can go out there and be as welcome as if you were "a belted knight, a marquis, duke, and a' that."

It is yours, the estate and grounds of The People.

Much of the money the owner has taken out of his business concern he has invested here for humanity, asking no pay except the inner thrill of feeling that he is making the human race a little happier and healthier.

He has not seized his dividends and hied him in his yacht or private car to the land of Cockaigne, to sit amid the lotuses with his mistresses and flatterers, to eat the breasts of fowls and heat his blood with

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wine; he remains here, eating a few spoonfuls of cooked fruit and health-grits daily, rugged, temperate and simple, playing at the greatest of all games—creating something useful and making a little bit of the world more beautiful, a small portion of his race more healthy and joyous, with his profits.

When Nero had finished his Golden House, that extended from the Palatine hill to the Esquiline, and had filled it with the extravagance of luxury, he is said to have exclaimed: “At last I have a place fit for a human being to live!”

Looking at this Factory and its surroundings, we may exclaim: “At last here is a place fit for a human being to Work!”

Honestly, I never expected to live to see Business appreciate the Commercial value of beauty.

I have seen it here at Dayton.

Nunc dimittis!

THE GOSPEL TO THE RICH

PREACHERS are always warning the rich.

They warn them with the uplifted right hand—and extend the palm of the left.

It seems to be assumed that the “hurt of the daughter of my People” can be healed by money-gifts.

Endow this college or that church, and all manner of sin and iniquity shall be forgotten.

But this age is beginning to question whether money given to an educational or religious institution ever permanently advanced the kingdom of God. It all depends on what you think the kingdom is.

Hence, in speaking in the name of my Master, Christ, as I understand His spirit, I should ask no millionaire for money, to fasten the ignorance of the Twentieth Century around the neck of the Twenty-First.

Instead, I would appeal to you to make your business itself a source of health, strength and happiness to the people you

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employ, and an honest ministry to the people you sell to.

Cut down your luxuries and raise the standard of living among your work-people.

Don't make of your business a Charity! Don't pauperize the spirit of the workers with gifts. But shoulder honestly the Responsibility of your wealth. Consider your working people as members of your family.

Make your Business, in its daily operation, a blessing to humanity by giving industrious people work, under sanitary conditions and for living wages.

I do not here discuss what you are to do with your surplus. I fear, in the long run, it makes little difference. Spend it on bric-a-brac if you wish; give it to greedy relatives who never turned their hand over to earn it, and whose only claim to it is the feudal superstition of Inheritance; endow Institutions, Churches, Cat-hospitals — anything you please that will furnish employment after you are dead to a lot of useless hermit-crabs; or sow it in the sea, if you like.

But as you fear the Supreme Ruler of all men, I appeal to you to take upon your soul

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the welfare of all who directly or indirectly help you make your money!

Whatever you do with the Profits of your business, take care to deal justly and helpfully with those brothers and sisters of yours who labor with you in making your money.

Clean up under your feet before you go to redeeming and endowing the world.

Get rid of your fool upper-class and aristocratic notions.

Remember you are a human being and your dust in the graveyard will weigh no more than that of the blackest stoker in your furnaces.

Quit regarding Religion and Charity as something aside from your money-making. Your real Religion is the *way* you make your money. Your real Charity comes out in how you conduct your business, not in what you do afterwards.

We are everlastingly preaching to the poor. The rich are neglected.

As my Master said, so I say: "Woe unto you, rich men!" Repent! Cleanse your hands. Cut the dirt off your dividends.

Turn not only some of your money, but

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turn your hearts and brains back to those who dig in your mines, moil in your fields, and grind in your shops.

It will be hard. You will find ingratitude, misunderstanding, sullenness. Nasty motives will be imputed to you.

But be patient. Persevere. Through evil and through good report work away to brighten the lives of those who are your humbler work-brothers.

For, in the Day of Judgment, it is these that shall rise accusing before you, stunted, depraved, physically and morally dwarfed, and look on you with dull, loveless eyes; or, please God, strong, glad, clean and noble, smiling at you in gratitude; and the Judge shall say:

“Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me!”

I should like to see the Church take a rest from evangelical campaigns among the slums, and institute a crusade upon the wealthy suburbs, hold a few revival meetings and missions among the dainty denizens of Knob Hill and Lenox, and remind them that Chris-

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tianity and Soul Saving is not a thing apart from life, to be attended to by an hour's ritual on Sunday, but that it is Life itself, and the manner of it, and the daily root and growth of it.

I would that this word of Christ's could cleave the Rich Man's heart, for the best part of a Rich as of a Poor man is his heart, "which if cut deep down the middle, like a Pomegranate, shows within, blood-tinctured, a veined humanity."

The poor seek "not yours, but you."

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN

THE trouble with America is not commercialism.

Money-making is not sordid, materialistic.

The old aristocratic sneer at shop-keepers and those who are supposed to lose caste by being "in trade," is ignorant and stupid.

Our trouble is that we have never taken our Commercialism seriously enough.

Centuries of monarchism have so poisoned men's minds that they think the noblest of trades is that of slitting one another's throats. The Warrior is noble. The king is chief warrior. The nobles are the killers.

The age-long curse of humanity is monarchism. And militarism is the pus of monarchism.

Out of monarchy grew the idea that useful work is degrading.

That is still what is the matter with our whole civilization.

It has corrupted religion; we still cling to the notion of a czar-God, to be appeased and

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flattered, instead of a Jesus-God, whom we are to love, and with whom we are to co-operate.

It has corrupted government. With what pains and price of blood are we getting the endowed and hereditary humbugs off the workers' backs, in Portugal, Persia, China, everywhere!

It has corrupted education. Our universities today (and the evil extends down to the primary grade in the public school), are educating men for the upper classes mainly.

The university trains for one of four things: Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Law, Doctor of Medicine, or the Gentleman, who is to hire one of the foregoing three.

The university does not yet understand what it means to educate a boy to be A MAN.

And the monarchy microbe is the curse of business.

Because of it, men seek to make money out of their business, and then retire and play.

They don't realize that the greatest form of Play in this world is Business, properly carried on, shot through with altruistic impulse.

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Commercialism means feeding, clothing, housing, transporting, and otherwise ministering to the daily wants of mankind.

There is no nobler occupation.

It is more worthy of a man than killing or idling, even preaching.

And it is more fun to a normal man than shooting pheasants in an English wood or boars in a German forest.

There is no higher, worthier calling on the earth than money-making: PROVIDED, that we can make money nobly, honestly and helpfully.

I honor Patterson because he chooses to spend his old age in his Business.

He is not chasing around after some simpering Smart Set.

He is not aping the rotten idle class of Europe.

He is not ashamed of his Cash Register Factory, blushing to have it mentioned, while he is breaking his neck to cultivate the good graces of the select moral lepers of Paris and London or New York.

He is a hale and hearty old man who thinks

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that selling Cash Registers to Asia, Africa, Australia and the Seven Seas, is the biggest fun going.

I say that is Americanism.

I say that Patterson comes nearer being the Typical American than any man I know of.

Name over some of the millionaires of the United States. What are they praised for?

For what they did with (a small part of) their profits. They endow libraries, colleges, churches, hospitals and the like.

The least said about how they MADE their money the better.

But if this country is going to be saved it will be by the quality of our money-making, and not of our money-giving.

There's nothing new about giving money to institutions. Men have been doing it a thousand years and more.

We are beginning to ask, however, whether the human race progresses by establishing institutions or by smashing them.

The NEW idea is to MAKE money in a Christian way.

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It is to show the world that Commercialism can be carried on in terms of Christian service.

It is time Americans got rid of their moth-eaten notions of rank and exclusiveness and caste.

It is time they ceased leaving business as soon as they get their "pile," and trotting after decadent nobility.

L'ENVOI

WHEN I wrote the first of this book I had not met Patterson. Now I have seen him. I have sat down by his open fire in his bedroom and talked to him.

I know he won't care what you or I say about him.

He has been attacked plentifully and has lived it down.

This praise of mine, too, will not matter much.

For the man has Found Himself. In such a case it is what a man says of himself that matters, not what others say of him.

He has a Philosophy of Life. And that is very much like a lost hunter finding the North Star.

He has subdued his own Body, as the saints of old did, and lives on simple food. Beware of that sort of John the Baptist man, who doesn't Want anything to eat and drink!

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He rises at five every morning and goes to bed at nine at night; like his work-people.

He puts in his day playing with the mighty million dollar Business Machine he poured his life into.

And his joy is to make that machine help and boost the 6,000 people that work in it, and to make the product help and aid the many thousands who buy it.

He does not need my advertising.

He would not mind if I cursed him.

For he is of the American Nobility.

A real noble is a man who has found his work and does it; who has high principles and obeys them; and who is not turned from his path by the voice of friend or foe.

And a true American is the man who is not ashamed of Business, who joys in doing his part in raising up this gigantic structure of Commercialism that distinguishes our time and continent from any other that has heretofore appeared on earth.

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